

# THE HOME CIRCLE PAGE

EDITED BY LILIAN CRAIGEN ADAMS



## Lenten Girl Does Real Work Now

Visits Hospitals and Reads To Invalids Instead of Laboring for Far Away Heathen

ONLY upon a time not many years ago the Lenten girl felt that she had done all that could be required of her when she had attended church services each day, and once a week repaired with others of her kind to the meeting of a missionary society, the purpose of which was to make pink singamons for the heathen.

Neither of these occupations occupied her great distress of mind. In church she sat like a stained glass angel with a ray of sunlight caught in the meshes of her hair, and wondered which of her suitors would be at the door to walk home with her when the benediction had been said.

At the meeting of the missionary society she sewed buttons on the wrong side of the atrocious pink aprons, using a gold thimble for the

purpose, and languidly discussed the town's gossip with her next door neighbor. Once the hour of sewing was over, out she bounded like a young gazelle and lightly forgot the heathen until the next meeting.

But that was before the social conscience had been awakened. That was before it was recognized that the heathen in your own city is just as important as the one near Greenland's icy mountain or the Indian coral strand, and just as much to be cared for.

Since this fact has been put before her with some force the Lenten young woman has revised her activities during that period. Now she tries to be of real use in the world.

For instance, one has made arrangements to visit a hospital for crippled children three times a week

during Lent and read to the little patients as they lie, hour after hour, strapped to braces, encased in steel, stretched on pulleys, in their little white beds.

They have plenty of food and comfortable clothes; all of the things that the hospital can give them indeed, these sufferers, but entertainment. And what they want is entertainment. They want to have their minds taken off their troubles; they want the amusement that the hard-driven nurses have no time to give them. It is here that the Lenten girl steps in. She has gathered together the most wonderful books to read to the youngsters, she has provided herself with scissors with things to cut out of paper; with needles and worsteds for sewing cardboard patterns. And while she reads aloud she is going to

## IT'S THE GOGGLE AGE

Everyone Now Wears Tortoise Shell Rims and the Expression of a Benevolent Cow

WILL it be lucky if this is not known to history as the goggle age.

Who was responsible for this, anyway? That is what most of us who are disapproving would like to know.

You have a friend named Emily. Emily is short-sighted—in more ways than one—and so she wears eyeglasses of the most refined, without rims of any sort, you understand, without a ribbon, with a nose-piece as inconspicuous as metal can be. In other words she tries to conceal the fact that she must have lenses before her eyes in order to see properly.

Thus Emily two months ago, the

answers and turns away. Thereafter you find that your dentist, your clergyman, your physician, your music teacher, your cousin, your sisters and your aunts wear goggles. To some of these they are be-



The girl of the goggles is Emily. Counting but all of these individuals look as if they were disguising themselves for some dark purpose, which you have not as yet been able to fathom.

The question of the hour is, how far will this go? Will the goggle man take to wearing goggles and empty can wearing the expression of a benevolent cow? Will the policeman? Will the postman?

Alas, there is grave danger of this, for all that is needed is not tortoise shell, and there are many imitations that are quite as ugly!

## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS

ture before it is put in the frying pan either the tips of canned asparagus or cooked chicken livers cut fine, or mushrooms, or grated cheese, or tomatoes, or oysters, or ham, or bacon, or sardines.

In other words, almost any left-over found in the refrigerator may be combined with eggs to make an appetizing and satisfying dish.

The eggs with fine herbs which are so frequently found in French restaurants are made by adding a heaping tablespoonful of minced parsley, chives and tarragon to eight well-beaten eggs, mixing before putting into the hot butter.

For baked eggs with cheese make toast and hollow the slices slightly in the center. Mix grated cheese to a paste with milk and spread over the toast. Arrange on a stoneware platter, break an egg over each slice, sprinkle with more cheese, and place in a hot oven until the eggs are set.

Eggs a la Maitre d'Hotel, she says, are delicious and easily prepared. Cut hard-boiled eggs into slices, arrange on toast and pour over them a sauce made of half a cupful of melted butter, the juice of half a lemon and a teaspoonful of minced parsley.

For eggs a la Reine sometimes known as eggs Beaufort, make a cream sauce and add to it the shredded whites of six hard-boiled eggs. Spread on heavily buttered toast, and rub the yolks through a sieve, sprinkling each slice of toast with the powdered yolks.



Three times a week during Lent she read to the little patients.

That as eggs will probably appear conspicuously on the menus in many homes during the next forty days, it will not be out of place to discuss here ways of cooking them.

She says that there is nothing more delicious than scrambled eggs as a piece de resistance for either breakfast or luncheon if they are properly cooked. To serve them hard and dry, in her opinion, not the proper way, however. For each egg used she suggests adding a tablespoonful of cream if this is to be had; if it is not a tablespoonful of rich milk, the "top of bottle" sort. The eggs should be beaten thoroughly before the milk or cream is added, and then beaten again. The mixture should be seasoned with pepper and salt and cooked in a very hot pan in which a tablespoonful of butter has been brought to the smoking point. They should be stirred constantly while cooking, and when they are thick and creamy, but not curdled or dry, they should be served on toast which has been seasoned with a little hot milk.

Believe as they are prepared by this method, they may be improved by adding to the egg and milk mix-

ture that every little one who can use her fingers, does so.

There are those who hope that the Lenten girl will become so attached to her little playfellows that when the forty days of sacrifice are over she will continue to visit them. And perhaps she will. Who knows?

Another would be the Lenten girl went to a social worker in one of our big hospitals and asked if there were any work that she could do for sick chil-

her work once the season of penance is over.

A third girl applied to the Charity Organization Society, for as she expressed it, "something to do for somebody."

"How would you like to read to two old ladies?" inquired the worker whose advice she had asked.

"I thought of children—," hesitated the girl.

"Let me tell you about these old

## SEASONABLE JOTTINGS

MANY of the voile frocks now in the shops are trimmed with narrow frills made of handkerchief linen, a piquant combination of materials that the summer girl is sure to like.

Thus are shown for children as usual, and many of them are very attractive. These are often made into three-piece suits which consist of a jumper scalloped at the bottom, a plaited skirt also of the plaid, with a detachable waist of white French linen.

The neck line of the spring and summer frock is much wider and therefore much more becoming than was last year's. That is the frock is cut away at the sides of the throat as well as in front, showing something of the shoulder line.

Straw hats for kiddies have in many instances crowns of tulle, and they are trimmed with worsted flowers exactly like mamma's.

This will render the frock becoming to those who have wished to wear it for its quaintness but who could not because it came so close to the base of the throat at the sides.

Streamers will again be seen on hats of grown-ups. Indeed if one may judge by the advance models never was millinery lovelier nor more coquettish.

If signs fail not two colors which will be very smart during the spring and summer are flesh tint and the soft yellows which were so much patronized last summer.

The new parasol has its ribs turned up and outward into small hooks at the ends, for what reason deponent cannot say. It certainly does not improve the appearance of the sunshade nor does it make it easier to carry.

## LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

A Stiff Jab

THERE was once a certain Young Man who started a whole lot for himself. But for a Stiff Jab that came along at the Right Time it might have finished him. And it happened thusly:

Our Hero's wife, you see, had Ideas. Which is to say that she wanted to Put Up a front no matter what was Inside the Baywindow. She believed in Bills—when the Ready Cash wasn't At Hand. Also, every now and then there were certain Expenditures which just had to be made. Money or no Money, such, for example, as the Come-Back for certain Social Entertainments received.

But the Fault was not all the Wife's. He, too, was Loose with his Change. He had Got Tied Up to several Bum Steers and had to Keep On putting up his Ante.

And he Worried. Things didn't seem to Fresh Right, so, he began to think of himself as an Unlucky Guy. And right there was where he committed the Fatal Error. He grew up thin, his developed a Dark Outlook.

That raise he had Expected didn't come; a certain investment which had Promised Large Gain did Wrinkle out the Small End of the Horn; and an Aunt died and left all her Money to Charity.

So, all in all, he presently reached the Stage of Feeling Sorry for himself. And that, of course, was the Beginning of the End. A while only a Little While, mind you—and as was asking himself "What's the

## The Townbreds and their Country Place

By Edward Riddle Padgett

Spreading the Glad Tidings

IF a man gets hold of a good investment, he doesn't cry it from the rooftops and invite all his friends to come in. Nor if he comes across something which may be his for nothing does he publish the fact broadcast for others to profit thereby. And if trouble comes his way he does not endeavor to involve others.

But—if he owns and occupies a place in the country, straightway he must invite a friend or two in the city to go and do likewise!

Why? Not even those who do that very thing can tell you?

And Mr. Townbred was no exception to the rule. In substantiation of which statement, witness the following incident, but a week old:

Across from the Townbreds' house and ten acres at Five Oaks, a neighbor, Mr. Shockey, had erected a seven-room-and-bath bungalow as a speculation. Complete from roof-tree to cellar, it was now awaiting a purchaser.

So Mr. Townbred picked out the Smithsons, perfectly good friends who had never in all their lives done a single thing to him. And it was all arranged that they should arrive at the Five Oaks station on the five o'clock car the other Saturday afternoon, where Mr. Townbred and John, the hired man, were to meet them with the survey.

usual state of morning lassitude. As a rule, they didn't begin to really work until about ten; and this morning they seemed particularly indolgent to the duty of a conscientious heating stove. The whole house was cold—compared to a city apartment. That the Townbreds seemed not uncomfortable served but to exaggerate their misery.

After breakfast—during which Mr. Townbred pointed out every last thing on the table which had been raised on his place—they reluctantly donned

art which you acquire only after you have lived in the country. Presently the conversation lagged and—and—

"What do you do with yourself all day?" asked Smithson.

"Huh?" Mr. Townbred, for the moment, was taken off his guard.

"Oh," he hastened to explain, "we go to church sometimes and—and fool with the chickens and feed the pigs and—and just sit around."

"I don't see how you've ever adapted yourself to it so quickly, my dear," said Mrs. Smithson to Mrs. Townbred sweetly. "And you two used to go so much when you lived in the city. Don't you miss it, sometimes?"

Mrs. Townbred maintained stoutly that she did not. And, further, that she had so many things to attend to each day—things of real interest—

Some men, said Pa, to find this latter course a real beauty to Extra Effort; but Son, he added, wasn't that Sort of a Guy. Wherefore, the Only Thing for him to do was to Cut Down on both himself and Friend Wife.

Then, no man ever Makes a Ten-Strike unless he Believes he can do it. If you haven't Apparent Confidence in yourself, no one else will have. 'Tisn't Hard Luck, look it, but it, and, 'Tisn't you're going to Get it!

A Real Man is so Darn Busy getting Action that he hasn't Time to Feel Sorry for himself. He may kind of Hesitate once in a while, but he's got to Get Busy and Fight if he hopes to Put It Across.

The Mental Attitude has Much to do with the Outcome of a Venture, the Climb to Success and the Making of a Career. And no man who deliberately chooses to think he has a Jellyfish where his Spine ought to be ever Rings the Bell.

A whole lot more Dope like this Father handed out. And it Worked, Son running true to Form after a while. Which, you see, is a Happy Ending to this Mournful Little Chronicle. But, also, there's a Moral.

To-wit: If you must Feel Sorry, Feel Sorry for the Other Fellow!

But, alas, the Smithsons, mistaking the hour, arrived at four. Neither Mr. Townbred nor John were there to meet them. Also, it was raining hard, a cold driving, gusty rain; and, withal, a very wet one.

They waited—and waited—and waited, standing as far back as possible in the little cheese-box station to avoid the driving rain. Mr. Smithson said things under his breath; and Mrs. Smithson almost wished she, too, had been born a man.

Finally, they set out for the Townbred place, he recalling directions as Mr. Townbred had once given them to him. Through the rain and the

low that Mr. Shockey had built; with particular emphasis upon the fact that they would be "right across the road," and Mrs. Townbred and Mrs. Smithson could have such good times driving about the country together and taking part in the many social activities of the neighborhood. The Smithsons agreed that the prospect was alluring—the "neighborly" side of it.

The next morning, Sunday, the Smithsons discovered a few things. Now Mr. Smithson had often heard of breaking ice in a water-pitcher, but had always considered it more or less of a joke. That morning, however, he found it decidedly no joke. And Mrs. Smithson declared that, had she the choice, she would vastly prefer to dress on their fire-escape than in the room they occupied—since it would be warmer. And Smithson discovered anew all the pleasures of shaving in ice cold water.

Downstairs, the fires were in their

He spoke of the Spring and the rapture of digging in the earth.

coats and overshoes and crossed the road to the bungalow.

It was pretty; there was no denying that. And convenient and well arranged—and a bargain at the price.

But—

"If we only had it in town, or just on the outskirts, it'd be great!" was the way Mr. Smithson phrased it.

"Or if we occupied it only in summer," was his wife's more practical opinion.

They returned to the Townbred domicile. Usually the Sunday papers were delivered at their door by ten o'clock; but—on this of all Sundays!—something happened and they failed to appear.

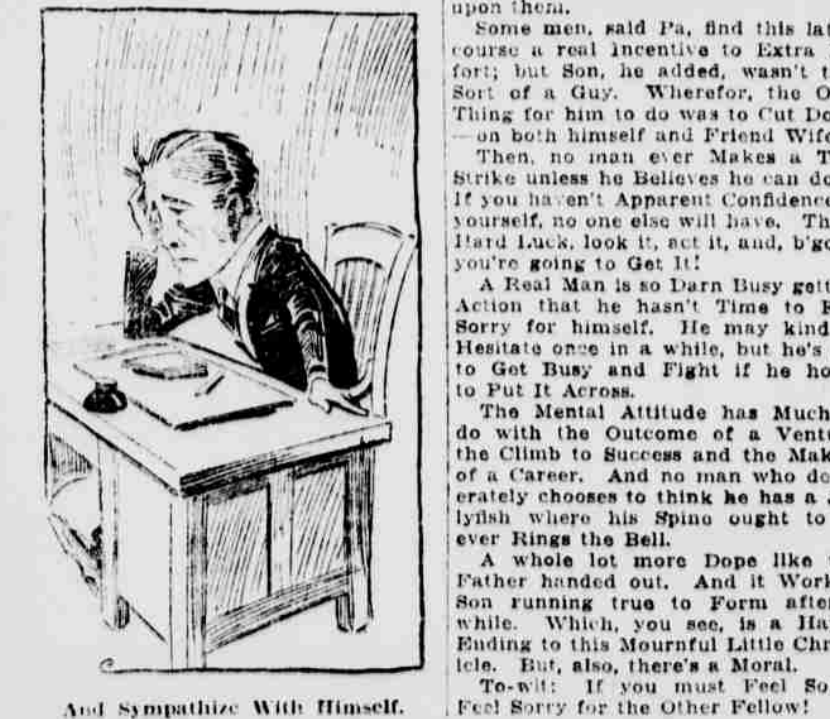
Not knowing, Smithson asked for them. And Mr. Townbred explained. Also, Mrs. Smithson found the open fire most picturesque; but she simply couldn't manage it so that the side of her next the fire wasn't burning up while the other side was freezing—an

At 3 o'clock that afternoon the Smithsons suddenly remembered that they had invited friends in for supper—new people they had met only a few weeks ago—and, goodness me, they had almost forgotten it! They rushed madly for the next car, to make good their alibi.

"Poor boobies!" declared Mr. Townbred fervently, after they had gone. "They coop themselves up in the city and when they face a little of the real life, the life their grandfathers lived, they crumple up. This is a puerile age, my dear!"

"The poor boobies!" said Mr. Smithson to his wife, with equal fervor. "How can they stand it! Imagine adding all of that to one's trouble! I wonder if Townbred's hard up and living out here to save money. Well, not for mine, not for mine!"

Which shows the difference in point of view. So—take your choice.



CHEAP Prizes for a Lenten Card Party

The members of a card club which has been meeting all winter decided that during Lent it would do away with the handsome prizes which each hostess had been giving the winners, and devote the money thus saved to some charitable purpose.

One hostess, however, made up her mind that she must have prizes of some sort, be they ever so humble. She therefore went to a 10-cent store and there bought a lot of trifles which were useful if not particularly beautiful, and which were heartily wel-

comed by those who received them. They consisted of boxes of hairpins, of cubes of black-headed pins, of cubes of white-headed pins, of papers of ordinary pins, and such small fry. And they were received with cries of joy. "I never have any invisible hairpins when I want them, and I can never remember to buy any so this box comes as a life-saver," sighed a woman who had received a box.

"A cheap way," commented the hostess, "of pleasing guests who are used to winning silver vases and such things, now was it not?"

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